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THE

STORM:

A

Descriptive Poetical Attempt.

BY THOMAS BROWN. *K*

DEDICATED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SAMUEL LORD HOOD,

REAR ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

Should my Storm fail to raise th' piteous Sigh,
Yet moor'd in Candour's Port, I hope to lie.

LONDON :

Printed for the AUTHOR, by C. JONES, Crown-Court, Little Pulteney-street, Soho :

And sold by Mr. DEBRET, Piccadilly ; Mr. KEARSLEY, Fleet-Street ; Mr. FLEXNEY, near Middle-Row,
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M.DCC.LXXXVII.

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STORY

Descriptive Poetical Attempt.

BY THOMAS BROWN.

AND THE RIGHT HONORABLE

SAMUEL LORD HOOD,

REAR ADMIRAL OF THE BLUE.

Small 8vo. 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. price 2s. 6d.
Not bound in leather, 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.

LONDON:

Printed by J. G. & Co. 15, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4.

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1881.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SAMUEL LORD HOOD.

MY LORD,

WITH that humility which properly belongs to a person in my humble station, I beg leave to offer to your Lordship's perusal, a small Poetical Production, in which I have attempted to pourtray the dreadful horrors of a Storm at Sea, and the direful consequences attending its rage; and I presume every Briton will concur in acknowledging no person more capable of judging of the merits of this my poor endeavour, than your Lordship, from the numerous and too often disagreeable observations, which from time to time, you must have had occasion to make, through the hard earned experience, of a life devoted to a watery element. This knowledge, how ever hardy gained, joined to your Lordship's skill, and courage, hath in repeated instances, proved truly honourable to yourself, and gloriously advantageous to your King and Country.

HOWEVER presuming, my Lord, it may appear in a poor, unlearned, obscure person, in presenting a

trifle like this to a Nobleman of your exalted station, I know not; but this I may be bold to affirm, that my presumption, great as it may be, received its birth from that high estimation, which not only myself, but every lover of his country bears for those noble sentiments which are known to actuate and glow in the bosom of your Lordship.

UNDER this consideration, and in the full confidence I have, my Lord, of your liberal and generous mind, should I be so happy as to have any part of this little effort stamped with your Lordship's approbation, I shall then, with all due submission, humbly solicit the honour of your placing it among the meanest of your trifles; which will reflect the highest honour on him, who begs leave most humbly to subscribe himself,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's,

Devoted, and very obedient

Humble servant,

THO. BROWN

THE
STORM.

HIGH on a chalky cliff as once I stood
To view the ev'ning's tint display around
Its damask hue, o'er th' Western briny bed ;
The cooling breeze, from th' azure swell new-born
Fresh rose, and dimpled o'er its bosom calm
With breath serene:---wavy the current sports
In gentle glide, and ev'ry blushing shade
Of ev'ning mild reflects. The God of Day,
To rest half sunk. The golden arches o'er
His slow declining head, extending wide,
Which cloud-shap'd pillars of the marbled sky,

B

In Gothic order rang'd---majestic bore.
But when the sun withdrew, the twilight scene,
Dreadful to fight! a darkling cloud uprose,
Spreading its footy self the welkin o'er---
Nor moon, nor star, the night illum'd to guide
The weary to their wish'd-for home: alas!
Those lamps nocturnal, lightsome gems of heav'n!
Were deaden'd all: the porous gloom around
Of ebon dye, their friendly aid imbib'd,
And ev'ry gleam celestial had absorb'd.
All nature seem'd a while in solemn pause,
As waiting th' dread flock of some dire event,
Which time had wrought mature i'th' high abodes.
When soon the jarring elements began;
Fire, Earth, Air, Water, all with horrid clash
The poles uplift; and shake the mighty round.
For winds, with awful gusts, tyrannic rose,
And bellow'd o'er the ocean's bosom wide,
To wreck this floating ball, ethereal bound,
And all its shatter'd parts to chaos hurl.

The mighty deep, by furious winds convuls'd,
 Wild rose; and foaming, at the rude blasts dash'd.
 Billows, which rear'd their heads Olympus high,
 In falling from the vast stupendous height,
 The winds tempestuous caught, and fiercely smote
 Their briny waves against the pendant rocks,
 Imperv'ous; from whose craggy tops, swift turns
 The flood repellant, to the conflict dread:
 Whilst Æolus with double fury wild,
 The boisterous main incircl'd all: then quick
 Whirl'd beneath the stern impetuous breaks,
 And blew their frothy vengeance to the skies.
 The raven wing that veil'd the face of heav'n,
 Withdrew a space! the twinkling stars appear'd,
 This conflict, dreadful, on the deep to view.
 Quick back they start, as with fear sensitive,
 The broken clouds closing precipitate,
 To shade from earth the face of heaven's blush.

Whilst thus the waves tumultuous foam'd around,

And winds loud roar'd their wild horrif'rous blasts,
 The livid flame, ethereal, 'gan to burn,
 Darting the angry elemental flash,
 Through bursting clouds which melt in liquid fire,
 Whose GHASTLY GLEAM diffusive spreads o'er all
 The storm-tost waves of NEPTUNE'S BRINY FLOOD;
 And thunder, dreadful, shook the earth's vast frame:
 Repeated light'nings o'er the rough sea flash;
 Rolling fierce as from Vesuvius high,
 When streams of fire it doth ejaculate,
 Spreading dire fear and desolation wide.

Whilst elemental pow'rs contended thus
 To burst the trembling world with equal force,
 High mounted on the fiery waves, I saw
 A HAPLESS BARK with power superior strive,
 Plunging thro' the rough mountainous seas,
 Whose rude breaks dash'd at her head, "ducking" low,
 And o'er her deck a deluge dreadful spread.

Whilst winds impetuous, with frightful roar,
 Tore from the cracking boards the lofty mast,
 The heavens opening wide, down sprang a flame,
 From its blue height, which blaz'd the ocean all,
 Spending its fury on her vast domain.

'Twas dark again!--dark as the womb of time:
 But soon a light, a fatal light ascends,
 Its growing self spreading the Bark throughout;
 She'd caught the awful dart that heav'n shot
 And on the deep with rapid fury burnt!

The fire increas'd---alas! no help was nigh;
 In vain the hapless men their buckets ply'd;
 Masts, yards, and sails, consuming fierce aloft,
 Threats destruction swift to the keel below.
 The rage fraught wind th'expanding blaze quick shapes,
 High vaulting, into forms horrid; and rough
 Hollow blasts supply their hideous howl.

From heav'ns vast height, a fiery ball then shot,
 And 'mid the rising flames its fury burst,
 From which terrific sight, forth issu'd strait
 Trains furious, comet-like, to blaze th' world:
 Flashing along their tails in air's expanse,
 Then to the foaming billows quickly dropp'd,
 And made the ocean all a boiling deep.

Confusion wild now spread his frightful wings,
 And breeds dread horror on the burning deck.
 Swift through the Bark the brood infernal fly,
 On the sad crew their fur'ous rage to glut:
 From stern to head, from head to stern they run,
 To 'scape the hand of Death; but, Oh! 'twas vain.
 Then to the gunwale swift, impell'd they fly,
 And, trembling, stand the dire extremes between.
 High on the wind, the billows foaming roar'd,
 And fire o'er all the ship destructive blaz'd.
 A while the threat'ning waves, appall'd they view,
 Whose wild voracious jaws were gaping wide,

The hapless souls to catch, who 'scape the flame.
 Eager, and wild, their eyes they turn again
 Their wretched 'bode to view---a blazing hell!
 From ev'ry side the flames conflagrate, gush,
 Which in dread whirls, and fiery eddies play.
 Too soon the dreaded blaze the wretched found :
 They start, but still the flashing stream pursues
 Their hastned step, to the grave's briny brink ;
 Where death stood greedy but to snatch the wreath
 From hardy Vulcan's fur'ous blazing front,
 And, eager, twine it round his baneful own.

With eyes aghast, that darted at the waves,
 They stood, till the flash inexorable
 Swift caught their frightened hair, which wild uprose ;
 Then all in flames the pitchy blaze they leap'd,
 And in the foaming brine their bodies plunge---
 The agitated sea, like rolling fire,
 Swift bears them on its liquid mountains high ;
 Then falls them low between the wave-broke dash :

On whose white foam, struggling, again they rise,
 When beams promiscuous, floating fast along,
 Beneath the rage swollen brine, alas! them struck:
 Entombing them in the deep's dark shades of night,
 'Till awful doomsday shall, with fiery thirst,
 The whole great waters of the sea drink up.

Ah! then the infuriate winds shall cease;
 And solemn stillness hold the circuit wide!
 And yon bright sun, that gilds the Orient steep,
 Chearing surrounding planets with its beams
 Shall die away.---The brilliant stars, that deck
 Th' firmamental blue, in myriads drop
 From their trembling orbits high: till heav'n, earth,
 And air, dissolve in universal glow,
 And leave the boundless space, a darksome void!

But hark! methinks I heard those cries again,
 Which pierc'd the boist'rous sides of tyrant winds,
 And dropp'd their lamentations sad on shore!--

Here gentle Pity, heav'n-born maid, attune,
 The tender strings that move the heart, and swell
 The gen'rous soul, with sympathetic touch,
 To feel commiseration with the Muse.

For on the burning shrouds, some hapless few,
 Who yet had 'scap'd the awful hand of death,
 Cry'd to the winds, which their moan mock'd, and with
 Sounds sonorous, roar'd out their doleful knell:
 With deadly grasp, they caught the ropen yarn,
 'Till rising flames, nipping the pitchy twine,
 Into the merciless deep dropp'd them low,
 And Neptune's waves, insatiate, caught the prey;
 Stretching for more their hungry jaws awide.

But yet the horrid flame, terrific, burns,
 And the proud waves still bore the ship aloft,
 Amid the surges wild, incessant roar:
 Then down again she falls, from their high top,
 Into the deepning valleys far below!

D

At length the winds roar'd loud a tenfold blast,
 The sea uplifting from its basis deep,
 And which, with sudden whirl, the Bark upset;
 Whose death-fraught guns that shook the regions high,
 With loud tremendous burst, their fury spent.
 The forked blaze, horrific, flash'd around,
 And thunder rattled down a triple peal.
 The winds drew back, as fright'ned with the sound;
 The seas, foaming, quick shrunk their tow'ring height,
 And nature hush'd, respir'd a mutual pause---
 But Oh! ye powers, a noise most horrid rose,
 Like furies, hell-born, hissing in the flame;
 When swift the wild explosion shook the main,
 And the ship, to the sky ethereal blew.

'Till then, O Sight! to me thy god-like use
 Serv'd to draw objects pleasing, and them place
 Within the concave of thy wond'rous self,
 To 'luminate, and charm the inward man.
 O Memory! do thou obliterate

This frightful scene, piteous to the mind's eye:
O! tear the dread page from thy volume's store,
And strike it down to dark oblivious shades.

FINIS.

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